

AN: *Cheese* is back with a chaotic Halloween special! What ghostly adventure will the idiotic trio embark on this time? Let's find out!

Cheese

Terror

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK is stood on top of a stepladder, fixing a length of Christmas tree lights to the wall. A few photos of some reindeer have also been put up.)

TPYMK: Happy birthday to me... Happy birthday to me...

(Dan walks into the room, staring up at TPYMK in confusion.)

DAN: What are you doing?

(TPYMK sees him.)

TPYMK: Oh, hi, Dan. I'm just putting up the Halloween decorations.

DAN: Oh...

(He goes to walk away, but then realises.)

Wait a minute – those are Christmas decorations.

TPYMK: Don't be ridiculous. You don't want Santa to think you've been a bad little boy, now, do you?

(TPYMK climbs down from the stepladder.)

DAN: That sounded ever so slightly creepy.

TPYMK: Nonsense! Now, say 'ah'.

(Dan opens his mouth.)

DAN: Ah...

(TPYMK punches him right in the face, knocking him onto his

back.)

TPYMK: There. Don't bother me any further today, Dan; I have to cook our Halloween dinner.

(Dan spits blood from his mouth.)

DAN: Halloween dinner?

TPYMK: Yes – potatoes, turkey, gravy. You're gonna love it!

DAN: *It's not Christmas!*

(TPYMK rolls his eyes, walking into the kitchen.)

TPYMK: Oh, Dan, I don't know what to do with you. That two-week internship at the mental asylum obviously didn't help.

DAN: You locked me in a padded cell for days on end.

TPYMK: It was a simple effort in order to drive all furry thoughts from your mind.

DAN: I'm not a furry – I'm a transvestite!

TPYMK: Ah – so you admit it! Oh, dear – I suppose we'll have to make it a *three-week* stay next month.

DAN: But... but—

TPYMK: Don't stutter, Dan – it's very rude. Now, where's that Martian drunk who I so venomously despise?

DAN: He went to a Halloween party. About a year ago now.

TPYMK: Oh, yes. I wonder if he'll be back anytime soon.

(*Smash!* Greg jumps in through the window, laughing.)

DAN: Speak of the devil. It's almost as if this were a scripted show.

TPYMK: Shh! Don't tell the audience that!

(He looks to Greg.)

Greg, you're here! Enjoy your party?

GREG: Yes. Uh, well, it wasn't actually a party – it was more of a "break into a brewery and see how much I can drink on my own event".

TPYMK: Hardly surprising. Any old excuse to get out of the house. We really should get you some counselling.

GREG: Well, I tried Alcoholic Anonymous, but my breath just vaporised the staff.

TPYMK: Well, you're quitting drinking, young man – starting today!

GREG: Fine!

(Greg storms over to the fridge and pulls out a bottle of beer.)

TPYMK: What the hell are you doing?

GREG: Relapsing!

(Greg chugs from the bottle.)

TPYMK: Oh, some things never change.

DAN: Like the boredom of this show.

TPYMK: Hey – what did I tell you?

DAN: Sorry.

TPYMK: Don't you have to put on your Halloween costume or something?

DAN: Oh, yes. That reminds me. Back in a minute!

(Dan hurries off.)

TPYMK: Well, I suppose I'd better get dinner going. You mind helping me out, Greg?

(Greg collapses to the floor, unconscious. TPYMK sighs.)

Two Hours Later...

(TPYMK dumps a charred turkey on the kitchen table; it's been burnt to cinders.)

TPYMK: Dinner's ready! I've spent hours letting this simmer on an appropriate heat.

(Several bottles of champagne litter the table. Greg is sat there, drinking from one.)

GREG: What heat is that? Eleven billion degrees?

TPYMK: Don't be so ungrateful. This is proper home cooking.

GREG: Well, if this is proper home cooking, then I'm going to a restaurant. No – on second thought, a bar!

TPYMK: No way, Greg. The family should stay together on Halloween. You don't want to be left out in the cold snow, now, do you?

DAN: For the last time, it's not Christmas!

(Dan enters the room, dressed as a witch.)

TPYMK: Good God, who the hell is that? Get a crucifix, quick – the Devil has invaded!

(TPYMK grabs a broom and starts beating Dan over the head with it.)

DAN: Stop it! It's me! Dan!

TPYMK: Don't try that trickery on me, buster, 'cause it won't work! I'll send you back to the depths of hell with my own bare hands!

GREG: I think it really is him, actually. I know I'm too drunk to focus, but no one but Dan could look that girly in a dress.

TPYMK: Oh, yeah.

(TPYMK lowers the broom.)

Sorry, Dan – for a moment there I forgot how pathetic and sad you were.

DAN: This was supposed to be my prom dress!

(Dan runs off crying. TPYMK shakes his head.)

TPYMK: What a lowly waste of oxygen.

GREG: I thought *I* was a waste of oxygen?

TPYMK: No, Greg – you breathe beer fumes, not air. You're just a waste of existence, really.

GREG: Oh – well, that's all right, then.

TPYMK: Now, eat your dinner. It's good for you.

GREG: I don't do good. I prefer food that does severe bodily harm.

TPYMK: I'm afraid we're all out of that. At Halloween, we'd be lucky to buy anything that's not scary in the slightest. Think of how busy the stores will be! As if anyone would buy a pumpkin now. Ha! Oh, that reminds me – I'll have to pick up a Halloween tree for later.

GREG: Well, maybe a sudden plot twist will result in something that will quench our thirst for adventure.

TPYMK: When has *that* ever happened before?

(A sudden explosion sounds from outside.)

GREG: I think we've got a letter!

TPYMK: Oh, marvellous!

(He dashes off.)

It's probably a love letter from many of my adoring female fans. I am such a popular author, after all.

Scene Two – Hallway

(TPYMK dashes down the hallway, stopping at the front door. He bends down and picks up a small letter.)

TPYMK: Ah – here we are!

(Dan comes down the stairs, wiping tears from his eyes.)

DAN: Is that a letter for me?

TPYMK: It's not another lingerie catalogue, Dan, if that's what you're thinking.

(TPYMK rips open the letter and starts to read it.)

"Dear idiots—"

DAN: That's a bit rude, isn't it?

TPYMK: Probably just trying to get our attention. "Dear idiots, since you somehow managed to escape my clutches last time, I am now coming personally to steal your souls from your body. Yours sincerely, Satan."

(TPYMK looks up, confused. Dan gasps in horror.)

DAN: Oh, my God!

TPYMK: Well, that's the strangest fan letter I've ever had. It's almost as if a horrible threat were laced within it.

DAN: Aren't you supposed to be a writer? Don't you understand what it means?

TPYMK: For your information, Dan, I just finished my literary opus, *The Bible*. Still trying to work out the legal issues – those damn publishers think I copied it straight out of another book. Some people are just so stupid!

DAN: Look, that letter is a death threat. The Devil himself is coming to kill us!

TPYMK: The Devil doesn't kill people on Halloween, Dan. This is a time of peace and joy where we celebrate our love for each other.

(Dan looks ready to burst.)

DAN: *It's! Not! Christmas!*

TPYMK: Stop mumbling, Dan – I can't understand a word you say.

(TPYMK shoves Dan's face into the wall and walks away.)

Scene Three – Apartment

(TPYMK sits down on the sofa, studying the letter.)

TPYMK: I just don't understand it...

(Greg stumbles over, holding a couple of beer cans.)

GREG: Don't understand what?

TPYMK: This letter we just got. I'm all for receiving fan mail at this late hour of the night, but the fact that it's addressed from Satan says something to me.

GREG: Maybe it means it's from... Satan?

TPYMK: No. Wait, Greg. If it's addressed from Satan, then that must mean... *it's addressed from Satan!*

(TPYMK screams in terror, dropping the letter to the floor. A bolt of lightning strikes from outside, followed by a crash of thunder.)

GREG: Well, this is turning out to be the best Halloween yet! Better than that time where I had three pounds of Sumu and a few barrels of Guinness!

TPYMK: That's every day, isn't it?

GREG: Yes, Zira. I mean, Sarafina. I mean, Nala. Yes. That's your name, isn't it?

TPYMK: No.

GREG: Thought so.

(Greg collapses to the floor.)

TPYMK: He has got to stop the drinking.

(Dan enters the room holding a witch's broom, swinging it around cautiously.)

DAN: Did you find the Devil yet?

TPYMK: Ugh! There is no Devil, Dan!

DAN: He'll be here any minute now. I can see the signs!

TPYMK: What signs?

(Dan points out of the window.)

DAN: The signs over there!

(TPYMK stares outside.)

TPYMK: "A free waxing with every car wash at Haiba's Slip 'n' Slide"?

DAN: No! The other one!

TPYMK: Oh – the one that says, "You three bozos are going to be dead at midnight." Now I see!

(It takes a few moments for the truth to sink in.)

Oh, God!

(Greg arises, jumping to his feet.)

GREG: *What? What?*

TPYMK: Greg, we have a problem!

GREG: We're out of beer? No! *No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!*

TPYMK: No! Stop it!

(TPYMK slaps Greg several times across the face, shutting him up.)

There are much more important things at stake here!

GREG: *Nothing* is more important than alcohol.

TPYMK: What about our lives?

(Greg thinks for a moment.)

GREG: No. Alcohol is still more important.

TPYMK: Well, you can let the Devil claim your soul – although, in my opinion, it's one soul that neither heaven nor hell will want anything to do with.

DAN: We need to defend ourselves with guns and knives and everything we can get our hands on! It's Halloween! This is the night when ghosts and goblins come out to play!

TPYMK: Dan, this isn't Christmas! And don't worry – the jolly seasonal atmosphere will protect us.

GREG: I'd better get some garlic. You never know when some bloodsucking vampires might break in!

TPYMK: You don't have any blood; it's all beer!

GREG: Well, they're not stealing it, then!

TPYMK: What I suggest is that we stay calm – and if the Devil comes in, we politely offer him a glass of water or some blood. Maybe then he'll leave us alone.

DAN: Are you insane?

TPYMK: I'm not the one dressed up like a witch here!

DAN: Well, it's scary!

TPYMK: Only when you're wearing it! The only other chance we have of scaring somebody around here is dressing up as a glass of water. That'll have Greg running!

GREG: Don't say the "W" word. It weakens my drunken heart.

DAN: *What* heart?

TPYMK: Are you two going to cooperate or not?

DAN: No. In fact, I'm putting Defence Plan F into action.

TPYMK: Which is?

DAN: This.

(Dan jumps out of the window, screaming all the way. *Crash!*)

TPYMK: Jesus!

(TPYMK sticks his head out of the window, staring down at the street below.)

Dan, are you okay?

DAN: I'm all right. The smashed champagne bottles broke my fall.

GREG: Hey – I wasn't finished with those!

TPYMK: Stop this rambling! It's almost time! Soon the Devil will be here to steal our souls from our bodies!

GREG: If I have no heart or blood, doesn't that technically make me an object? If so, then that means I have nothing to fear. The Devil can't touch me!

DEVIL: *Wrong!*

(TPYMK and Greg freeze instantly upon hearing the demonic voice.)

TPYMK: Who... who is it?

DEVIL: It is I, the Devil!

GREG: Hey, hey – speak of the Devil! Ha-ha!

DEVIL: *I have come for your souls!*

GREG: But I don't have a soul!

TPYMK: Now, listen, Mr Devil, let's not be too hasty. Could we

perhaps tempt you with a cup of tea, or a... um...

(TPYMK reaches into his pocket, pulling out a rusty nail, a shoelace and a few crumpled pieces of paper.)

A McDonald's value meal voucher?

DEVIL: *No!*

TPYMK: Really? It's 50% off!

DEVIL: *You fools will all perish before me! You stand no chance of survival! Nothing can save you now!*

(Dan climbs in through the window, battered and bruised.)

DAN: Who's that?

TPYMK: Oh, it's just the Devil.

DAN: *Oh, God!*

TPYMK: No, not God. The Devil!

(Dan wails in fear.)

DAN: I never got to try on my Nala costume...

TPYMK: You're a furry as well?

DEVIL: *Enough of this babbling! It is time for you to die!*

TPYMK: Oh, come on! I'm too young and talented to die!

GREG: Do your worst, you evil melon!

TPYMK: "Melon"?

GREG: If you're going to try and kill us, then what's to stop us from killing you?

DEVIL: *You can't possibly kill me!* I am in a super-secret location far away from prying eyes. High above in a mountain, in fact.

TPYMK: Wait a minute... Doesn't the Devil live in hell?

DAN: Yeah – that does seem a little suspicious.

GREG: Carrots!

DEVIL: Uh... I have a condominium for the summer.

TPYMK: It's almost winter! You can't be the Devil!

DEVIL: Yes, I am, you bumbling idiots!

(TPYMK thinks for a moment.)

TPYMK: Anonymous? Is that you?

DEVIL: Oh, blast it...

(The demonic voice changes. It *is* Anonymous!)

ANONYMOUS: Well done, you fools. Looks like you found me out.

TPYMK: You were trying to kill us *again*?

ANONYMOUS: Yes. I thought posing as the Devil would frighten you so much that you would resort to killing yourselves. And I would have gotten away with it, too, if it weren't for you meddling kids and your dumb dog.

GREG: That's me!

TPYMK: Well, I'm going to take care of this right now! Show yourself, you miserable freak!

ANONYMOUS: Luckily, I have a plan B. Ten pounds of explosives have been planted underneath the floorboards. Looks like I win after all. See ya!

TPYMK: *No!*

(The three all flinch, awaiting the explosion. But nothing happens.)

DAN: Huh?

TPYMK: Why hasn't anything exploded?

GREG: Table!

(Suddenly, the wall bursts open, revealing Angel sitting in a director's chair.)

ANGEL: Cut! That's a wrap, people!

TPYMK: Oh, God – what now?

(Angel prances into the room, grinning at the three.)

ANGEL: Well done, idiots! You've been successfully pranked on my latest game show, *Trick the Idiots*. This is going to be great TV! Millions upon millions of viewers all sitting down to watch you make fools of yourselves!

TPYMK: I thought you were a movie director?

ANGEL: Well, after making a movie about you guys, I'm never allowed to direct another theatrical feature in this town again.

TPYMK: Can't say it's a bad thing.

DAN: So we're not really dead? I can go back to dressing up like a female and fulfilling my demented fantasies?

ANGEL: You really need to get a life. Anyway, yes, this is a prank. And probably my best yet. Now you will live the rest of your lives feeling nothing but pure embarrassment and—

(*Bang!* A burst of shotgun fire strikes Angel in the back, sending him flying out of the window.)

Not again!

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg stare at the hole in the wall, where a cub emerges from it. It's Haiba, holding a shotgun! Two clones stand on either side of him, brandishing machine guns.)

HAIBA: Greetings, ingrates! It's a twist within a twist within a twist!

TPYMK: This is the worst episode ever...

HAIBA: Actually, it's the *last* episode ever. I'm here to cancel your show!

DAN: What? How can you do that?

HAIBA: I'm the cheesiest cub of them all, and this is an absolute disgrace to the word "cheese". This show isn't cheesy at all! In fact, it's so un-cheesy that I feel like vomiting up my own blood – which is cheese.

GREG: Oh, come on. Can't I tempt you with a beer?

TPYMK: We'll get better. You can trust us! Honest!

HAIBA: Not a chance. I'm cancelling your show – and you, too! *Permanently*.

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg look at each other.)

TPYMK, DAN AND GREG: Oh, no.

(Haiba and the clones open fire, blood spurting everywhere as they fill them with bullets.)

The End

AN: And so the series comes to an end. Yes, you heard me right. That's it from *Cheese*. I've probably exhausted all of these jokes by now, so I feel that it's time to end it before the show gets too stale. It's been lots of fun, though – and I'm sure you've enjoyed it, too. Maybe you'll leave your thoughts on the series or something below. I hope so.

Stay cheesy, everyone! Happy Halloween!